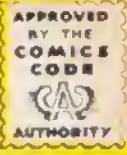




COWBOY WESTERN
PRESENTS WILD BILL HICKOK

JANUARY

COWBOY WESTERN



presents

Wild Bill Hickok

and

JINGLES

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these **100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!**
I just won **\$100.** and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
I just won this **\$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!**

You Can Win All These
just as I did
in **10**
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
MUSCLES!

John Sill
NOW

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU?

that 125 lb. - 6 ft. CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET — FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

Yes! You still
can win \$100
and other 25th
Anniversary Prizes.
If you MAIL coupon
below NOW. Your suc-
cess can soon be like
mine. A few weeks ago
I was a skinny weakling
like you. I had no guts to
fight for my rights. TODAY
everyone admires my champ
movie star build. My mighty
ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My
wide manly SHOULDERS. My
POPULARITY with boys. The
way GIRLS go for me. — once
a girl shy. My new pro-
wess in SPORTS. My new
quickness in STUDIES. My
double energy at work.



NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
Just mail **NOW** the **FREE**
coupon below as I did.
Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3½ inches to **EACH**
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.



Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME
and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**
says *George A. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of **HE MEN**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
are. If you're a teen-ager in your 20's
or 30's or over, if you're short or tall, or
what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10**
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE**
YOU OVER by the **SAME METHOD**
I turned myself from a weakling to
a Champion of Champions.



JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb
6 ft. **WEAKLING**
LOOK at him NOW.
A MOVIE STAR HE MAN
from Head to Toe
as **YOU**
can be
soon!

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept CM 79
Tell Me How To
Win \$100 etc.

Jowett's Complete
present to
World for
Building
a Better
man
a better
physical
builder

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
228 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 He-Man Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back 5. How to Build a Mighty Leg. Now a 10 min. One
volume. How to become a Mighty He Man. (Enclosed find 10¢
for postage and handling charge.)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

YES! You see, my He-Man body is a MIGHTY MAN. I've added to YOUR
ARM. YOUR CHEST. DEEPENED YOUR BACK AND SHOULDERS
built added from head to toe. You become an All Around All
American HE MAN WINNER. My Training will build you like
I did.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way man can spend his day I
have devised the BEST by TEST my 5 WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER
the only method that builds you 5 ways fast. You save YEARS. DOL-
LARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champion John Sill did. Like
MANY THOUSANDS like you did. O.M.G. — NOW

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

COWBOY WESTERN



THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED PRIOR TO PUBLICATION BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Pat Maselli Executive Editor

Wild Bill Hickok AND JINGLES

IN THE GENERAL'S DEFEAT

THE GENERAL WAS BACK -- WITH A BOX FULL OF MEDALS, AND A HEAD FULL OF LUST FOR POWER. HE HAD THE MONEY AND HE MEANT TO BUILD AN EMPIRE. HE WANTED THE LAW ON HIS SIDE, BUT HAD HIS OWN ENFORCERS TO CARRY OUT HIS OWN LAWS.

I WARNED YOU ONCE, HICKOK! GET HIM, MEN!

CALL 'EM OFF, GENERAL! I'LL BRING IN YOUR WHOLE PACK OF KILLERS!

WORD THAT THE GENERAL WAS COMING HOME HAD CIRCULATED FOR WEEKS! WHEN HE DID, THE ENTIRE TOWN TURNED OUT...

HE SURE HAS A LOT OF MEDALS, BILL! HEY... HE NEARLY RODE OLD JOE DOWN!

YEAH, AND CHICK FELDMAN IS RIDIN' WITH 'EM! CHICK BRES HIS GUNS OUT AT HIGH PRICES!



COWBOY WESTERN

JINGLES KEPT AN EYE ON THE GENERAL AND REPORTED BACK TO WILD BILL...

THE GENERAL BOUGHT THREE BIG SPREADS IN THE VALLEY. HE'S PASSIN' THE WORD HE'LL HIRE ANY MAN NOT AFRAID TUH USE A GUN.

HE'S BUILD-
ING AN
EMPIRE.
HE'S NOT
BUYING A
RANCH.



AHA, THE MARSHAL! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, MARSHAL HICKOK. I EXPECT TO COOPERATE FULLY WITH YOU LAWMEN, AND I EXPECT THE SAME FROM YOU.

I'LL DO MY
JOB, GENERAL!



AND I DON'T NEED HELP, SIR! DON'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG! NOTIFY ME OR JINGLES AND WE'LL DO THE REST.

I'VE RUN ENTIRE TERRITORIES, FULL DIVISIONS OF MEN! I WON'T CRAWL TO A NOBODY LIKE YOU TO STRAIGHTEN OUT MY DIFFICULTIES.

I
THOUGHT
YOU'D FEEL
THAT WAY!
BUT WHAT I
SAID STANDS!



IT WAS JINGLES WHO FIRST RAN INTO TROUBLE WITH THE GENERAL'S CREW...

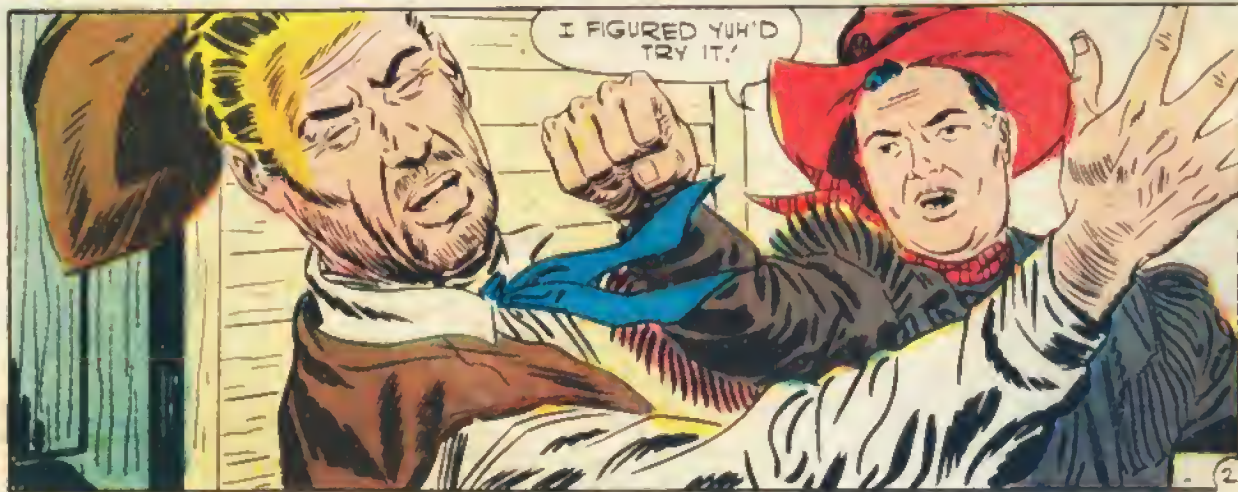
LAY OFF, MISTER! WHAT'S WRONG, SMITTY?

HE SAYS THE GEN-
ERAL ONLY PAYS
HALF PRICE FOR
HIS STUFF!
HE SAYS...

BEAT IT,
FAT BOY,
OR I'LL SLUG
YOU!



I FIGURED YUH'D
TRY IT!



COWBOY WESTERN



COME ON, TOUGH GUY. YUH'RE UNDER ARREST.

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN'? THAT MAN WORKS FOR ME!



I KNOW HE DOES--AND IF YUH WANT ANY MORE OF YORE MEN LOCKED UP, SEND 'EM OUT T'W THREATEN PEACEFUL CITIZENS. I'LL DO THE REST.

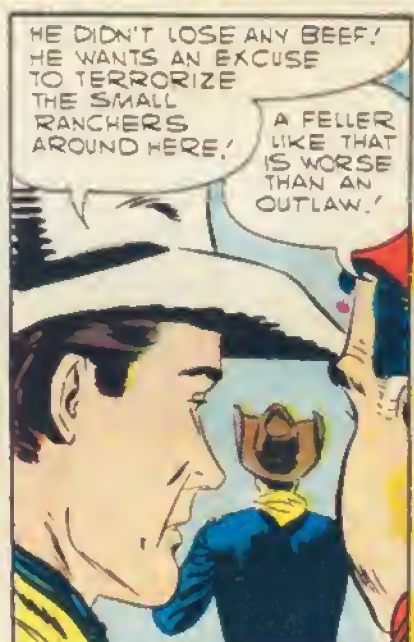
YOU INSOLENT YOKEL. I'LL WIRE THE GOVERNOR ABOUT THIS!



WILD BILL KNEW WHAT WAS BUILDING UP. THE GENERAL'S COMPLAINT ABOUT STOLEN CATTLE CAME IMMEDIATELY...

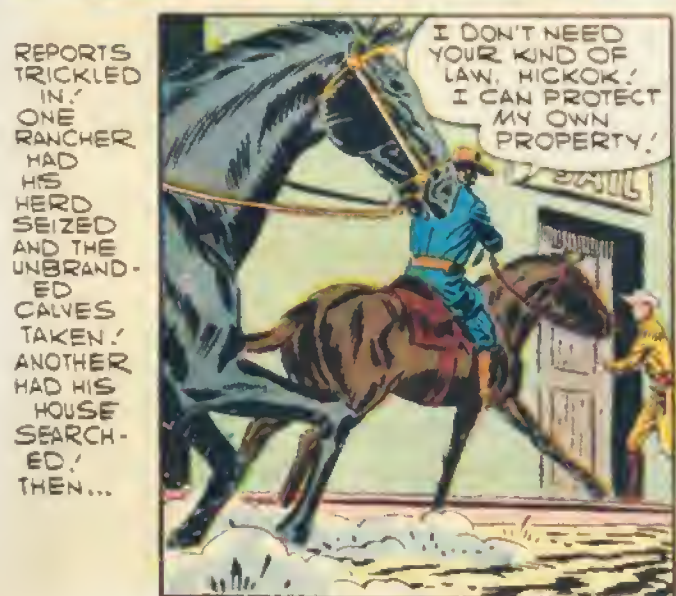
THEY'RE STEALING MY BEEF, HICKOK. I'M GOING TO GET IT BACK MY WAY.

DON'T DO IT, GENERAL! I'M WARNIN' YOU.



HE DIDN'T LOSE ANY BEEF. HE WANTS AN EXCUSE TO TERRORIZE THE SMALL RANCHERS AROUND HERE.

A FELLER LIKE THAT IS WORSE THAN AN OUTLAW.



REPORTS TRICKLED IN. ONE RANCHER HAD HIS HERD SEIZED AND THE UNBRANDED CALVES TAKEN. ANOTHER HAD HIS HOUSE SEARCHED. THEN...

I DON'T NEED YOUR KIND OF LAW, HICKOK. I CAN PROTECT MY OWN PROPERTY!



TOUGH ROOSTER, AIN'T HE?

I ENFORCE THE LAWS, GENERAL. NO MATTER WHO BREAKS 'EM.



Draw Me

**YOU MAY WIN A \$375.00 SCHOLARSHIP
IN PROFESSIONAL ART**

PRIZE A complete art course—free training for a career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning—plus a professional drawing outfit and a series of valuable art textbooks.

THERE'S A BIG DEMAND FOR TRAINED ARTISTS. Try for this free art course! You're coached, individually, by artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Many of its graduates are now well-paid artists. Enter contest today!

DRAW THIS GIRL'S HEAD

3 inches high 4 1/2 pencil. Drawings for November 1957 contest must be received by November 30. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!



**USE 1 COUPON
THEN PASS THIS PAGE
ON TO A FRIEND**



1 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 9507

500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____

Address _____ City _____

Zone _____ County _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Phone _____

2 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 9507

500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____

Address _____ City _____

Zone _____ County _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Phone _____

3 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 9507

500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____

Address _____ City _____

Zone _____ County _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Phone _____

COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

KICKOK AND JINGLES WENT TO THE JAIL AND WAITED...THEY KNEW THE GENERAL WOULD COME ON THE RUN...

HERE HE COMES!

RELAX, JINGLES! HE CAN'T MAKE US WASH DISHES OR ANYTHING! WE'RE NOT IN HIS PRIVATE ARMY!

YOU TWO MEN HAVE INTERFERED TOO MUCH! FROM NOW ON, I KILL MY OWN SNAKES!

YOU SAID YOUR PIECE, GENERAL! I SENT A LETTER TO THE ARMY IN WASHINGTON INQUIRING ABOUT YOUR RANK AND MEDALS! AND IF YOU OR YOUR MEN BREAK THE LAW, I'LL LOCK THEM UP! NOW GET OUT AND STAY OUT!

THE GENERAL LEFT AND AS JINGLES AND WILD BILL WENT FOR DINNER, JINGLES TRIPPED OVER THE LOOSE STEP AS USUAL... AND...

DANG THIS LOOSE...

PING!

PING!

A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE MEN WHO GET THEM!

THEY'RE THROWIN' LEAD BUT THEY'RE MISSIN', JINGLES! PICK YOUR TARGETS!

I DONE PICKED THREE ALREADY!

COWBOY WESTERN

THEN
IT
WAS
OVER..
AND THE
GENERAL
WAS
GALLOPING
OUT OF
TOWN..
FIVE
MEN
WERE
TOO
BADLY
WOUNDED
TO
FOLLOW...



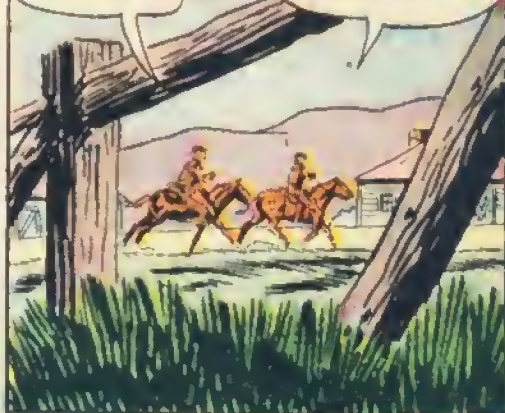
DOGGONE IT, BILL, RUN
THAT GENERAL OUT OF
THE COUNTRY. WILL YOU?
HIS MEN KEEP GETTIN'
LEAD
POISONIN'!

I'LL TEND TO
THAT AS SOON
AS I GET A
WIRE FROM
WASHINGTON!

A HALF HOUR LATER, THE TWO LAWMEN
WERE ON THEIR WAY...

THE GENERAL'S
GOT A BIG CREW!
WE CAN'T FIGHT
'EM ALL!

WE WON'T HAVE
TO! THEY'RE
NOT ALL PAID
GUNMEN!



JOHNSON, YUH CALLED YOURSELF A GENERAL..
BUT YOU'RE JUST A BUSTED DOWN CAPTAIN!
THE ARMY KICKED YOU OUT! THE MEDALS
YUH WEAR DON'T
BELONG TO YOU!

THAT'S A LIE-- SHOOT
THEM DOWN! I
COMMAND IT!



I DON'T
WORK
FOR A
FAKE!
COUNT
ME OUT,
HICKOK!

I
QUIT!

YOU HEAR ME? GET
THEM! I PAY YOUR
WAGES!



AT THE
SHOW-
DOWN..
THE
GENERAL
FOUGHT
LIKE A
CORNER-
ED RAT..
WITH
TEETH
AND
NAILS!
SHOUT-
ING
COMMANDS
LIKE
AN
IDIOT..

I'LL HAVE YOU
COURTMARTIALED
FOR THIS!

SURE, GEN-
ERAL! RIGHT
NOW, WE
GOTTA GO TO
HEADQUARTERS!



LATER, AFTER AN ARMY DETAIL HAD
TAKEN THE GENERAL AWAY...

SO HE WASN'T
A GENERAL
AFTER ALL!
EH, BILL?

HE WAS A CAPTAIN WHO
WAS CASHIERED FOR
STEALING ARMY FUNDS!
HE TOOK A LOT MORE
AND CAME HERE TO
BUILD AN EMPIRE!
ALMOST DID, TOO!



END

COWBOY WESTERN

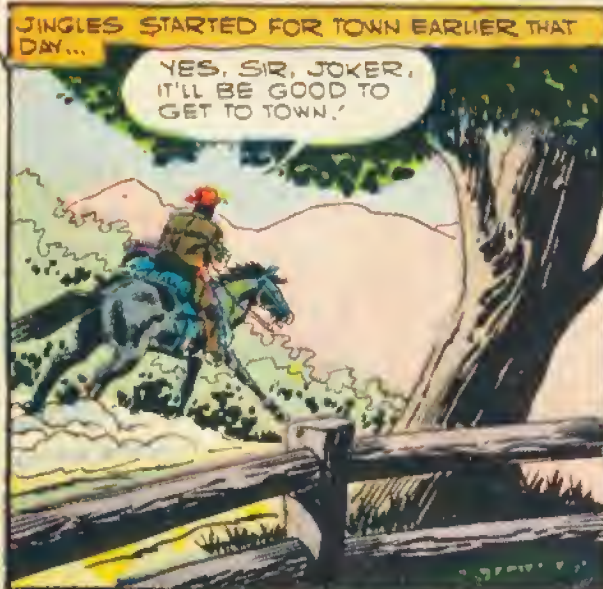
in the **AFFECTIONATE BULL**

Jingles

AND

Wild Bill Hickok

IT LOOKED LIKE A NICE PEACEFUL JAUNT TO TOWN -- TILL THE HUGE BULL ADOPTED JINGLES AND GOT HIM INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN HE'D EVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE.



COWBOY WESTERN

MAYBE JINGLES DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING IN THE PASTURE BUT A PAIR OF WICKED RED EYES SPOT-TEO HIM...



YES, SIR! YOU HAVE TO SHOW THAT NEW TRICK I TAUGHT YUH T'DAY, JOKER! SOMEONE'S GOT A BIG SURPRISE COMIN'!



WHOA, JOKER! G-GIDDAP, JOKER! GET AWAY, CRITTER!



HOLD STILL, DAGNAB IT! IT'S ONLY A B-BULL!



THROUGH A HAZE, JINGLES WAITED FOR THE FATAL MOMENT... THEN HE SLOWLY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND...

DOGGONE IT, I WASHED ALREADY THIS MORNING! GET AWAY!



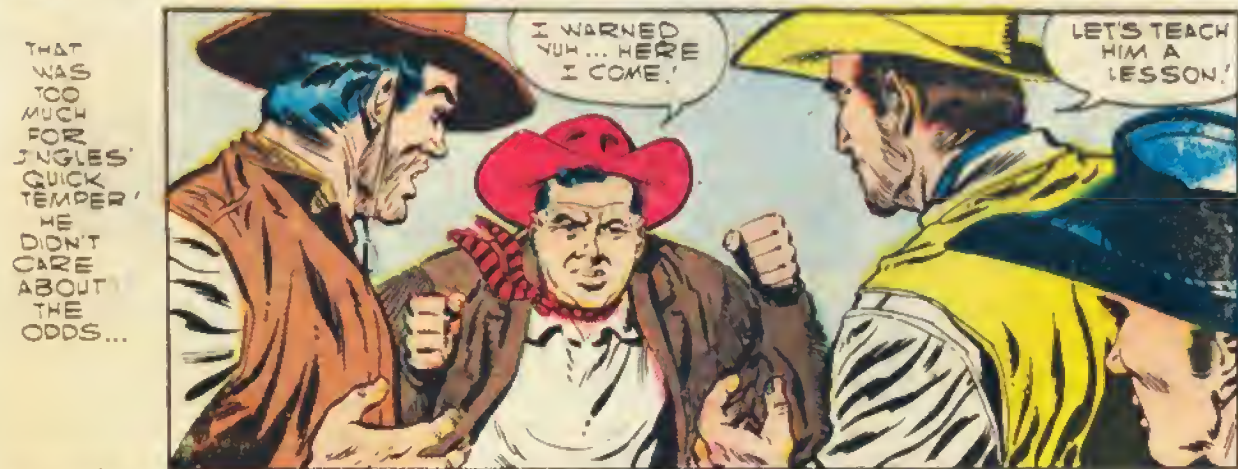
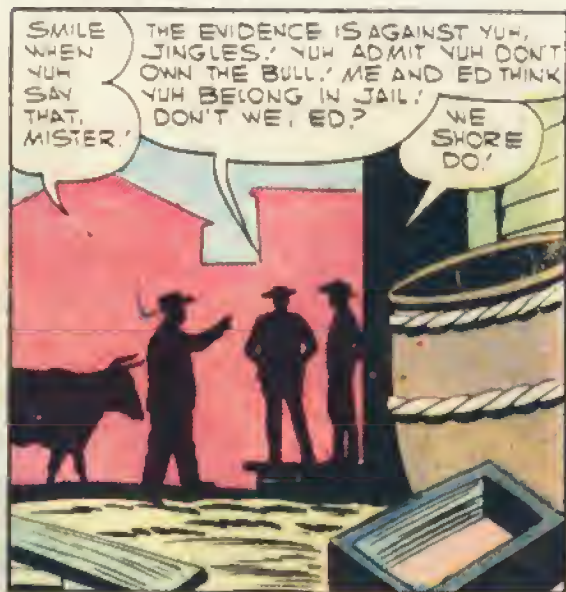
COWBOY WESTERN



BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN, JINGLES GAVE UP THE IDEA OF A SHORTCUT AND WENT BACK OUT THE GATE!



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



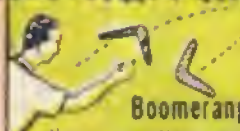
MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



BIKE SPEEDOMETER
READS UP TO 50 M.P.H.

See how fast your riding! Time yourself in racing and see if you can better your top speed. No gears, no complicated mechanism. Fasten to handle bars and go. Easy to install.
No. 199 Only 75¢



Boomerang

Here's something new in target throwing. In case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bingo! you're all set to "fire" again. More fun than a "barrel of monkeys".
No. 141 50¢

THROW YOUR VOICE



Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks behind doors and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist".
No. 137 25¢



CONDENSED SMOKE POWDER

Simply set off the magic powder and poof! disappear in a cloud of smoke. See it for all magical effects and disappearing acts. Completely harmless. Enough powder for hundreds of uses.
072 \$1.00

Your chance to have eyes in back of your head. See behind or alongside and no one knows you are watching. Fun every where you go.
No. 146 35¢

LOOK-BACK SCOPE

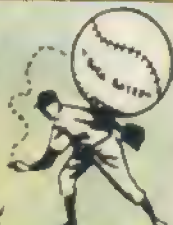


WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.
No. 247 50¢

TRICK BASEBALL

It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips, it's impossible to catch. It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball.
No. 158 50¢



TALKING TEETH

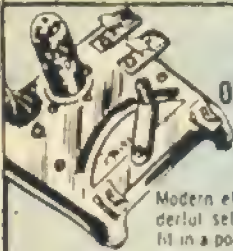
They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good. It'll really embarrass them. It's a set of big false teeth that when wound up, start to chatter away like crazy. A great comic effect for false teeth on cold nights.
No. 513 1.25



POWERFUL MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE

COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size... Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

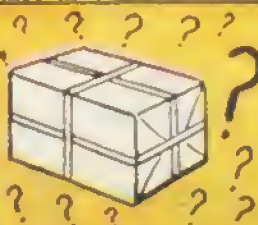
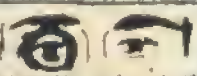


Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.
No. 205 3.98



BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes.
No. 216 25¢



SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.
Only 50¢
No. 678



HOT CANDY

Looks like real candy, but it sure doesn't taste like it. Burns their mouth when they eat it. Use before it melts.
No. 622 Only 12¢

ELECTRIC MOTOR

6000 RPM



—Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same. Yes, you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high-power motor. And the fun you are going to get from using it. It's so simple, and your motor is ready to turn out 6000 rpm's of power to work for you. The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute.
No. 052 Only 50¢

JOY BUZZER



The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.
No. 239 Only 50¢

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

MONROE HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept. GR-48

Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00

Push me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund at the purchase price.

| ITEM # | NAME OF ITEM | HOW MANY | TOTAL PRICE |
|--------|--------------|----------|-------------|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |

- ☐ I enclose _____ in full payment. The Monroe House Products Corp. will pay postage.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

COWBOY WESTERN

HERE COMES THE OUTLAW, FOLKS!

DON'T GET ME MAD -- I'M ABOLIN' RIGHT NOW! GET OUT O' MY WAY!

JAIL



HEY, SHERIFF, C'MERE AN' MAKE SURE THIS CELL DOOR IS LOCKED! I DON'T WANT THAT CRITTER IN HERE DURIN' VISITIN' HOURS EITHER!



MEAN-
WHILE,
THE
BULL
HAD
DIS-
APPEAR-
ED...
AND
EVERY-
ONE
WAS
TALKING
ABOUT
JINGLES
AND
THE
AFFEC-
TIONATE
BULL...

DID YUH
SEE
JINGLES
HANGIN
ONTO
HIS
TAIL?
HA, HA!

YEAH, AND THE
BULL WITH THE
CUP ON HIS
HORN? IT
WAS A
RIOT!

JINGLES WON'T
THINK IT WAS
FUNNY WHEN HE
GETS THE BILL!



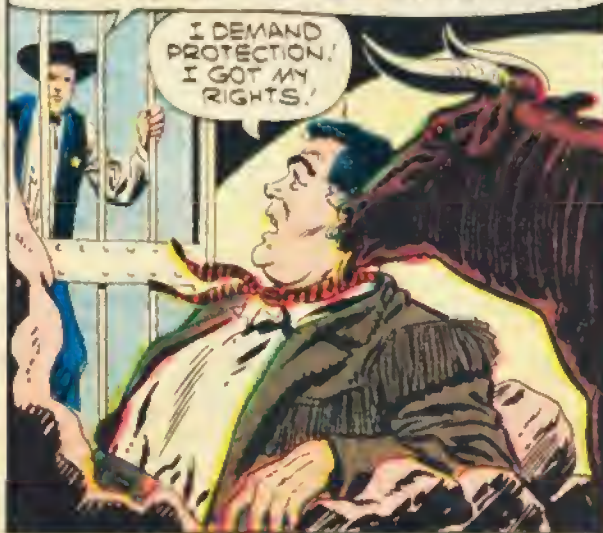
HELP! HELP! LEMME
OUTA HERE!
SHERIFF!

JAIL



LOOKY HERE, JINGLES! YUH WENT TOO FAR THIS TIME! GET THAT BULL OUTA MY JAIL!

I DEMAND
PROTECTION!
I GOT MY
RIGHTS!



I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH
YOU, JINGLES! TAKE
THAT BULL WITH YOU AN'
WE'LL FORGET ABOUT
EVERYTHIN'!

I RECKON I GOT
NO CHOICE!
THERE'S A CUTE
LITTLE HEIFER OUT
TO THE RANCH HE
MIGHT TAKE TO.
COME ON, FERDY
THEY DON'T LIKE
US HERE!

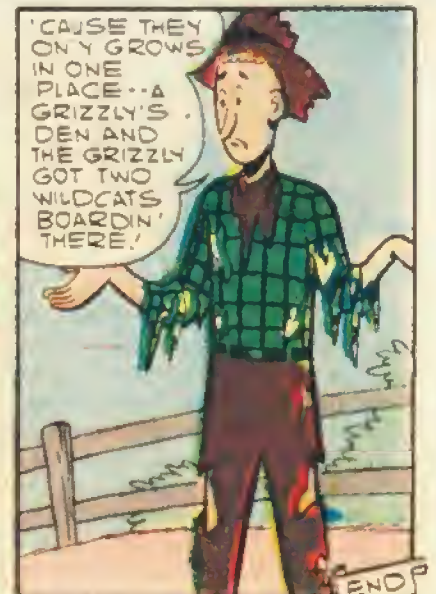
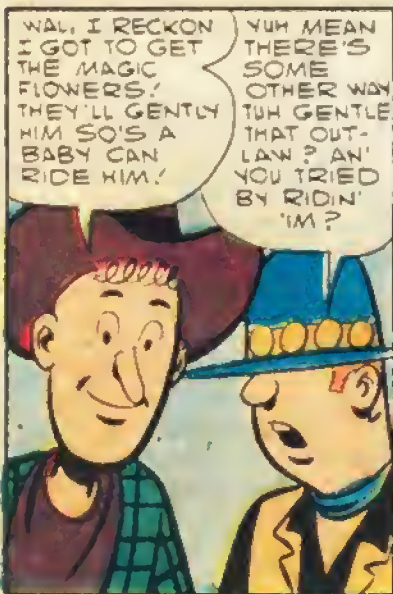
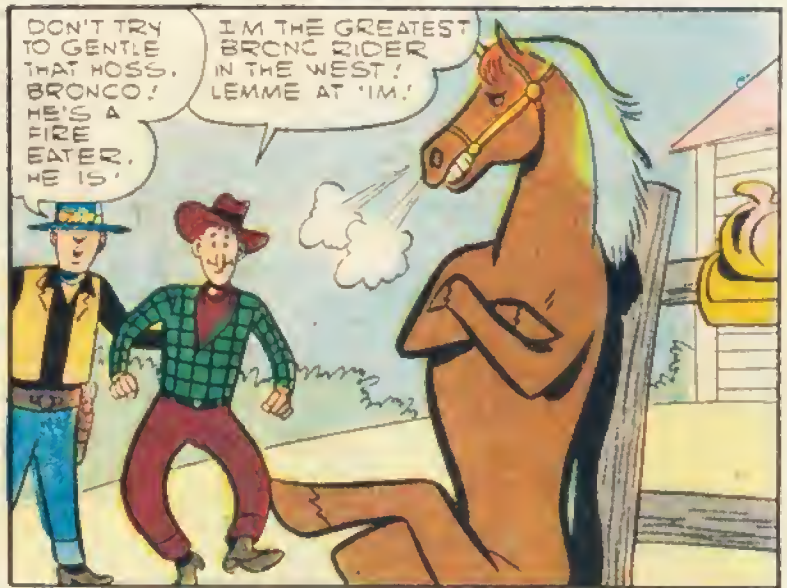


END

COWBOY WESTERN

BRONCO JOE & THE OUTLAW

S2529



A NEW MODOC WORD



General Edward Carney was seated outside of his tent. Several empty packing cases had been turned into a fairly efficient writing table for his personal use. He had fought with honor in the War between the States. Now he was in charge of an Indian campaign that was not to his liking.

"The Modocs are justified in their complaint," he told Major Walter Riley. "They gave up their tribal lands and the government agreed to put them on a reservation. All would have been peaceful had not that stupid mistake happened! To put them on the same reservation with their hereditary enemies, the Klamaths. There isn't sufficient land for both tribes to use for farming or to herd cattle, and the Klamaths outnumber them ten to one. I guess from their way of thinking, the Modocs did what looked fair and sensible. Insisted on going back to their tribal lands, but now those lands are in the hands of white settlers. So we are going to have unnecessary fighting and bloodshed. Here definitely is where common sense would be better than bullets."

Captain Walter Riley turned around. His eyes were focused on a middle-aged stout man in civilian clothing. John Petterson had come from Washington with orders from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He walked up to where the two officers were seated.

"We are wasting time waiting here, General," he complained. "You and your men should be in the field teaching law and order to the Modoc Indians. They must be returned at once to their reservation."

"But if we do force them back to the reservation," protested Major Walter Riley, "we will still have bloodshed. They will be wiped out completely. Then we will have to fight the Klamaths. There is a very easy solution to the problem. Put the Modocs on a separate reservation. We have government land east of the mountain range. Here they would have water for agricultural purposes. They can also fish in the river. And there is sufficient pasture for their cattle. You have sufficient power to transfer the Indians to this land and set it up as a

reservation."

"Give in to them!" half-shouted John Petterson. "They must learn once and for all that they have to obey the orders of the United States Government. We should be on the march before noon."

"But we are waiting for the Prince Albert Kid," explained General Riley. "He understands their tongue and ways of life. In addition he is a friend of Captain Jack, their chief."

"I have heard of this famous man of the West," admitted John Petterson. "Since he represents the law then it will be simple. He will order them to return to the reservation, and with your men, there will be sufficient force to make them obey."

The General sighed. He realized it was like speaking to a stone wall. Not the slightest impression was being made on John Petterson. He continued writing his report and the civilian representative went to his tent. At noon a rider came into camp. He dismounted from his brown stallion and turned the horse over to a guard. All eyes of the soldiers were on this man. He wore a long Prince Albert coat. From his hips swung his two pearl-handled Colt's .45. The famous law man of the West went up to the General.

"Good to see you again, sir. I had to see the governor first. The situation can get out of hand. The civilians are forming themselves into a kind of an army. They are going to fight the Indians. In fact they are on their way now to intercept Captain Jack and his tribe. We better start at once. If the Indians do get to the lava beds east of Mount Shasta, they have a natural fortress. We will have to do some hard riding."

Within an hour camp had been broken. The men were all mounted and soon headed towards the southwest. John Petterson was satisfied. He was getting action and the Indians would be taught that the white man's law had to be obeyed. At three in the afternoon firing could be heard. Soon they saw a group of armed civilians.

"Good thing the Army is here," said one of

the men. "I am Lewis Sonners. The men elected me leader of our group. Those Modocs wanted to get back their land. It's our land now and we have every right to fight for it, but we need help. They are behind the lava beds now. Apparently they must have prepared for such an emergency. Guess they have a cache of food and ammunition. They got their squaws and kids with them. The whole tribe is fighting. I tried to tell them that if they went away we would stop fighting, but their only reply was that here they lived and here they are going to die."

The civilians stopped their firing and waited for further orders. General Carney knew the vicinity well. He spoke to the Prince Albert Kid in a serious tone of voice.

"When it comes to fighting, Captain Jack is an expert. He was chief of scouts at Fort Henderson for five years after the war. You met him when he helped us against the men who were trying to stop the wagon trains. Suppose we try a flag of truce and talk terms."

The signal was sent and received. Soon a solitary redskin walked across the lava beds. He came to where the Prince Albert Kid was standing.

"I am Lone Wolf," he told him. "You know me. Captain Jack says you send man with big power to talk."

"That means Mr. Petterson will have to talk face to face with the Indian chief," said the Prince Albert Kid to the General. "I will go with him. No firing is to start again until we return."

At first John Petterson refused to go. He didn't like the idea at all.

"They should come here and talk with me," he pointed out. "We can defeat them anytime. You can get all the reinforcements you want. Those civilians are just itching for a chance to get rid of them."

"That's just the trouble," said the Prince Albert Kid. "Everyone seems intent on getting rid of the Modocs. It may not be a bad idea if Mr. Sonners also comes with us."

Soon the three white men accompanied the Indian known as Lone Wolf across the lava beds. Then they vanished from sight. There was a big depression on the other side of the lava beds which made the place a natural fortress with its deep protective trench. Only the Prince Albert Kid was permitted to carry his guns. Captain Jack greeted his friend warmly.

"You are here and it is a good sign," he said in English. "My people trust you. You tell the men with the guns to go away. Then take us to a land where we can live in peace."

"Mr. Petterson has this power," explained the famous man of the West. "He has orders from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs."

"Return at once to your old reservation and there will be peace," said Mr. Petterson.

"It is better we die here fighting like free men than we once were," snapped back Captain Jack. "Than to return and die slowly at the hands of our enemies."

"No use continuing this nonsense," said Mr. Petterson. "We go back and I will give the order to commence fighting."

"You stay here and watch us die," said Captain Jack. "You will not be harmed. We keep our words."

The Indians were running short of food, but they ate and fed their white visitors. An Indian woman walked up to Mr. Petterson and handed him her baby.

"Very sick. You make well, please."

He looked at the tragic sad face of the infant. He thought for a moment of his own children safe and well fed back at home. He looked around and saw several of the Indian children. They looked so old — and were so young. The little Indian baby cried. He swayed the baby back and forth in his arms. Then the crying stopped.

"My child likes you," said the Indian mother. "You must be good man. You help, please."

"There's a doctor with us," interrupted Mr. Sonners. "He has been helping us with our wounded. We'll get this woman and her baby back to our lines. I can see that the baby needs attention."

"You take her and the baby back with you," said Captain Jack. "I changed my mind. For ourselves, we are willing to die. But we have no right to condemn our young to a death from sickness and the lack of food. My people will put down their guns."

There was no cheering as the defeated Indians came across the lava beds. Soon the soldiers were feeding them from their army rations. A conference was called. Mr. Sonners presented his views.

"These lands are now ours according to the treaty made. We will see that the Modocs have sufficient food for about a month. From then on the problem is yours, General."

"It is the problem of all of us," said a new Mr. Petterson. "I will give the orders now and create a separate reservation for them. General Carney can conduct them to their new home."

And so peace and quiet came to that part of the far West. Mr. Petterson went back to Washington. Five years later he again met the famous man of the West.

"The Modocs have a new word in their language," said the Prince Albert Kid. "When they want to say Kind Man — they say Petterson."

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok and Jingles

in LEGAL LAND GRAB

WHAT KIND OF LAW WOULD TAKE THE LAND AWAY FROM THE MEN WHO FOUGHT THE INDIANS AND THE ELEMENTS TO SETTLE IT ORIGINALLY? WHY OBEY A GOVERNMENT THAT GAVE ALL THEY OWNED TO A THIEF LIKE DENT HARKER? ONLY WILD BILL KEPT THE RANCHERS FROM TAKING THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS...

GET BACK! I ASKED YOU TO TRUST ME! I'LL USE MY GUNS IF YOU DON'T LET ME HANDLE HARKER MY WAY!

KEEP THEM AWAY, MARSHAL! IT'S YOUR JOB! YOU'RE PAID TO PROTECT MY INTERESTS!

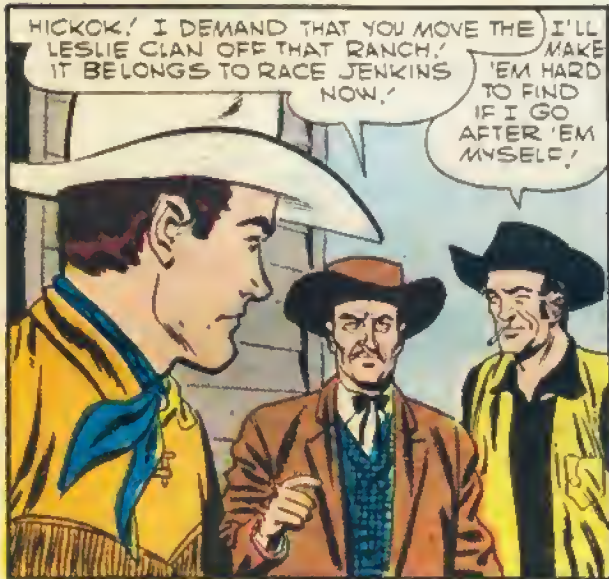
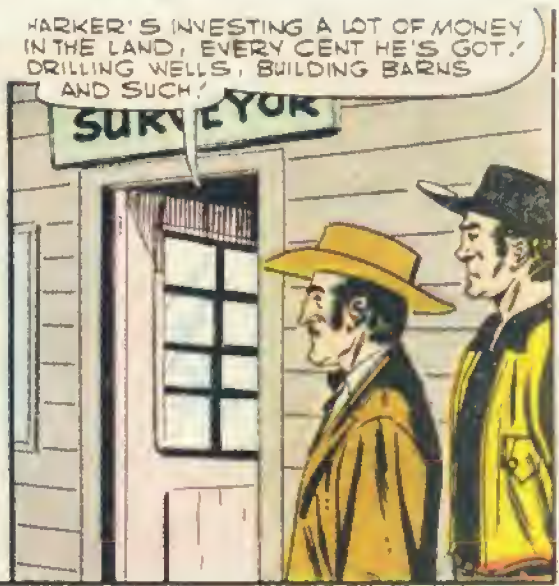


I'M PAID TO ENFORCE THE LAW, HARKER--AND I HATED SAVIN' YOU FROM THE RANCHERS! YOU'RE STEALIN' THEIR LAND AND EVERYONE KNOWS IT!

IT'S ALL LEGAL! WE THE GOVERN-
MENT DID AS YOU
EXPERT SAID THIS
WILL TIME, HICKOK,
PROVE BUT HARKER
I'M RIGHT! WON'T BE AS
LUCKY NEXT
TIME!

COWBOY WESTERN

WILD
BILL
HICKOK
WAS
FURIOUS
BUT
THERE
WAS
NO-
THING
HE
COULD
DO...



ABE
LESLIE'S
PLACE
WAS
AN
HOUR'S
RIDE
FROM
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HAD
HIS
SIX GUNS
LOOSE
AND
READY
WHEN
THEY
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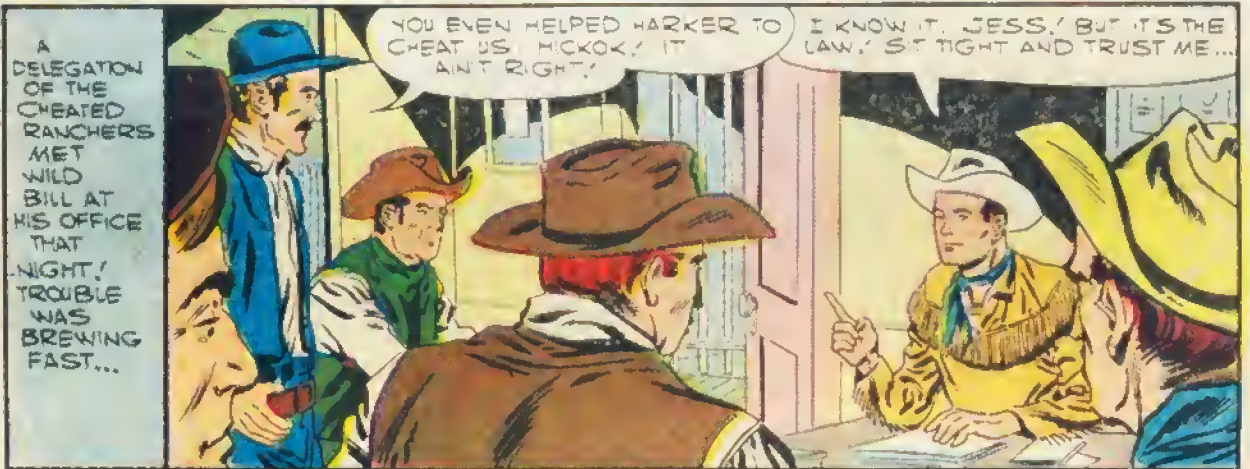
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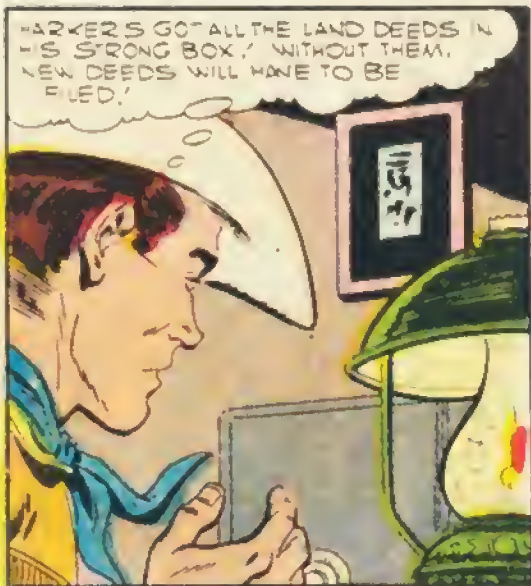
City State

Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order

COWBOY WESTERN



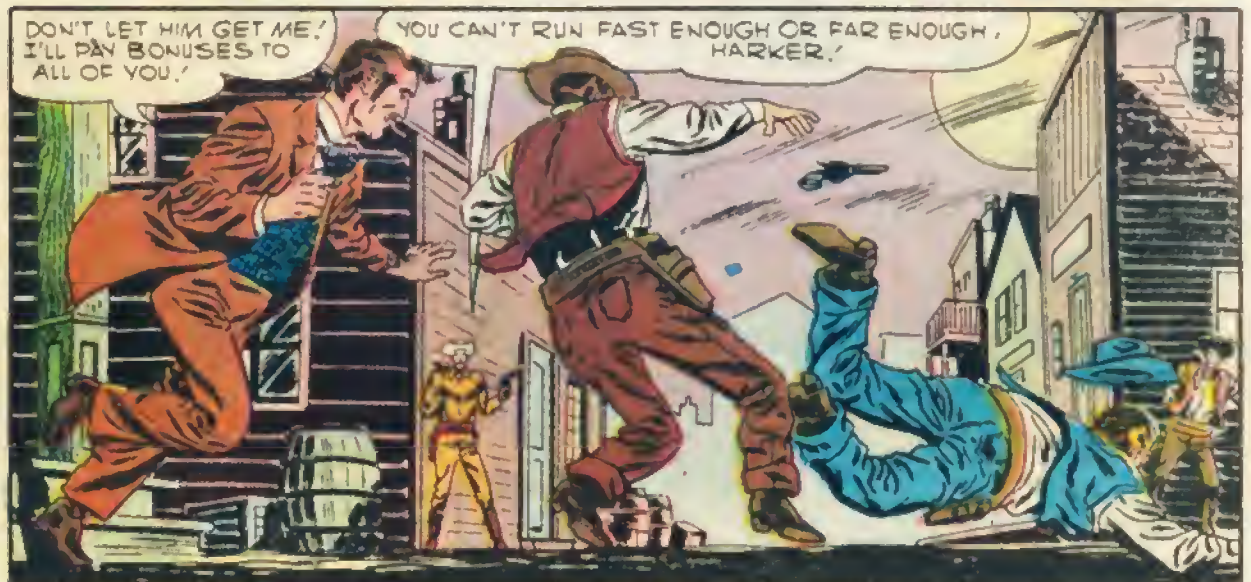
COWBOY WESTERN



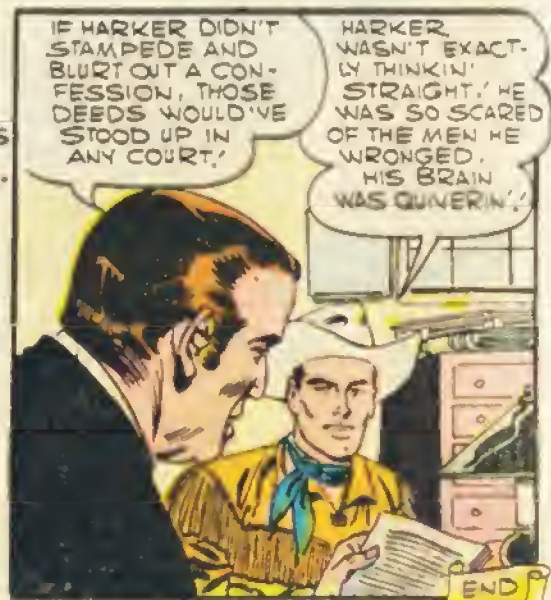
TOO SLOW, RACE!

COWBOY WESTERN

DENT HARKER MADE A FAST GET-AWAY. WILD BILL'S GUESSES ABOUT THE DEEDS HAD BEEN A GOOD ONE...



LATER, AFTER THE RANCHERS HAD RECOVERED TITLE TO THEIR LAND...



END

COWBOY WESTERN

YOUNG EAGLE

in TOTEM TRIAL

CUNNING BEAR, THE MIGHTY WAR CHIEF OF THE SOUX, CRIED FOR WAR. THE QUIETER PLEAS FOR PEACE MADE BY THE OLDER CHIEFS WERE UNHEEDED. ONLY ONE WARRIOR COULD SAVE THE FRONTIER FROM ANOTHER BLOODY WAR... YOUNG EAGLE. AND NO ONE BELIEVED THAT HE HAD A CHANCE AGAINST THE HUGE WARRIOR.



CUNNING BEAR AND YOUNG EAGLE HAD BEEN RIVALS AS BOYS! NOW, GROWN TO MANHOOD, THEY STILL WERE RIVALS..

SEE, YOUNG EAGLE! THE HORSE I TOOK FROM A GENERAL! I AM NOT SOFT. A FRIEND OF OUR WHITE ENEMIES!

NOR ARE YOU A FRIEND OF THOSE YOU LEAD TO THEIR DEATH, CUNNING BEAR!



I AM THE GREATEST WAR CHIEF IN THE TRIBE! I WOULD GRIND YOU INTO DUST IN BATTLE!

PERHAPS! YOU WOULD BLOW ME AWAY WITH YOUR BOASTS TOO!



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

BUT YOUNG EAGLE LEARNED OF THE COUNCIL AND WAS PRESENT! HE ALONE WAS AGAINST THE PROPOSED RAID...

WE ARE AT PEACE! T-S WOULD BE AN ACT OF WAR!

WE WANT WAR! IF YOU TRY TO STOP US, YOU WILL FEED THE WOLVES!

MANY PEOPLE WILL STARVE IF YOU STOP THAT FOOD! I WILL SEE THAT IT IS DELIVERED!

WHY DO WE WAIT? YOUNG EAGLE IS OUR ENEMY!



I WILL STOP...

I GO! REMEMBER, I SAID I WOULD WARN THE WHITES!

YOUNG EAGLE FOUND THE WAGON TRAIN ONLY HALFWAY TO FORT LANDERS...

THIS INJUN'S GOT SOME STORY ABOUT HIS TRIBE BEIN' ON THE WARPATH, MAJOR!

ONE OF THEIR TRICKS, NO DOUBT! WHAT'S YOUR STORY, MAN?

IT IS NOT A STORY, IT IS THE TRUTH! MANY WARRIORS WILL RAID YOUR WAGONS AND KILL YOUR HORSES!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER, YOU TOLD YOUR STORY! KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, TAD!

YOUNG EAGLE KNEW HE HADN'T BEEN BELIEVED! STILL, HE HAD DONE WHAT HE KNEW WAS RIGHT...

YORE THE DRIVER, INJUN! DON'T TRY NO TRICKS OR OL' BETSY HERE'LL START BARKIN'!

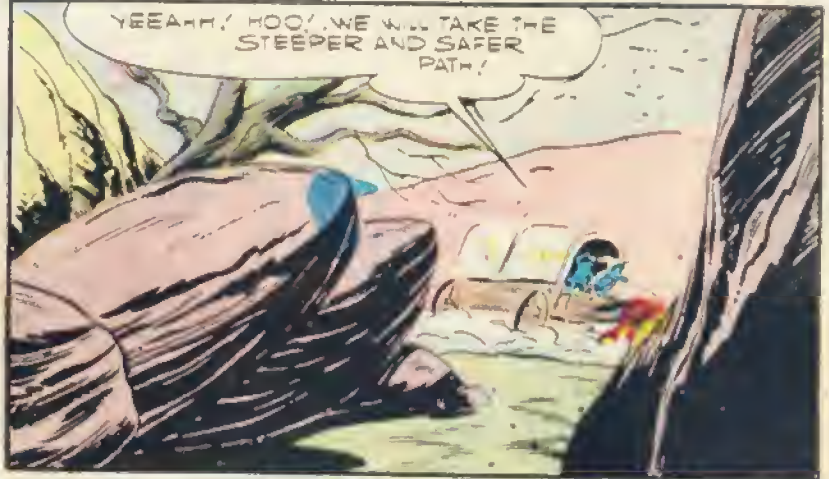
I AM HERE TO AVERT WAR, NOT TO START ONE!



COWBOY WESTERN

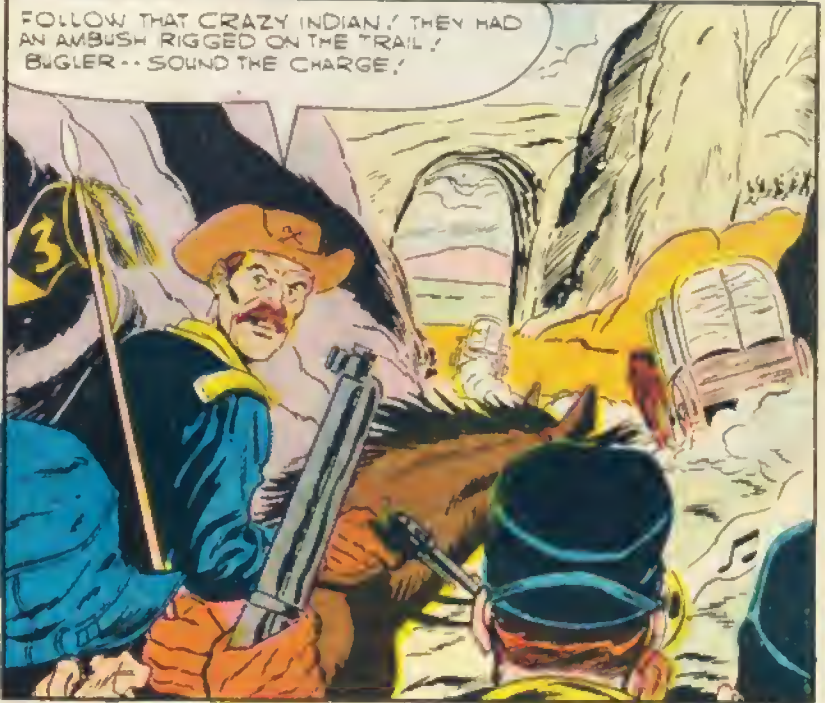
THOUGH CALM AND UNTROUBLED OUTWARDLY, YOUNG EAGLE'S MIND WAS RACING AS HE TRIED TO ANTICIPATE CUNNING BEAR'S STRATEGY...

WE ARE NEARING FORT LANDERS! IF CUNNING BEAR IS TO ATTACK HE'LL DO IT THERE IN THE RAVINE!



YEEAH! HOO! WE WILL TAKE THE STEEPER AND SAFER PATH!

FOLLOW THAT CRAZY INDIAN! THEY HAD AN AMBUSH RIGGED ON THE TRAIL! BUGLER-- SOUND THE CHARGE!



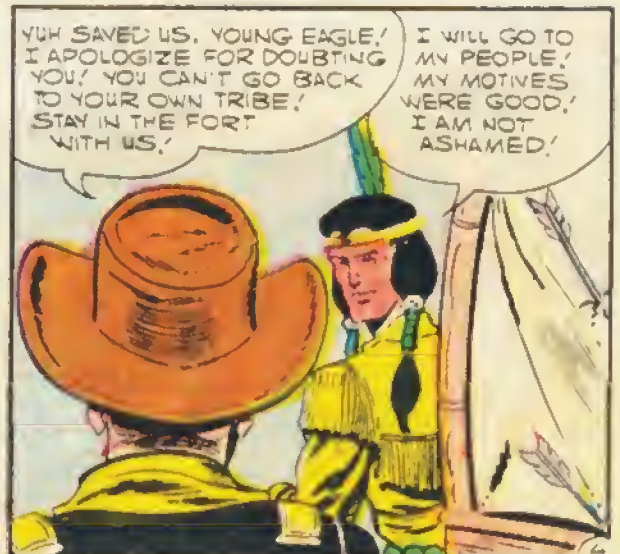
HO, TRAITOR! NOW YOU WILL...

WINGED 'IM! YUH DRIVE, INJUN, I'LL DO THE FIGHTIN'!



YUH SAVED US, YOUNG EAGLE! I APOLOGIZE FOR DOUBTING YOU! YOU CAN'T GO BACK TO YOUR OWN TRIBE! STAY IN THE FORT WITH US!

I WILL GO TO MY PEOPLE! MY MOTIVES WERE GOOD! I AM NOT ASHAMED!



COWBOY WESTERN

THE TRIBE
WAS
WAITING
WHEN
YOUNG
EAGLE
RETURNED...
THE
BRAVES'
FACES
STERN,
WAITING
TO
DECIDE...



THERE IS THE TRAITOR!
HE THINKS WE WILL SHOW
MERCY BUT HE IS WRONG!

I WANT NO MERCY--
ONLY JUSTICE!

THE RAID ON THE FOOD WAGON WOULD
HAVE STARVED WOMEN AND CHILDREN
IN FORT LANDERS. IS THIS THE
WAY CUNNING BEAR FIGHTS A
WAR? ON THE YOUNG
AND OLD?



THE TRIBE LISTENED, WITHHOLDING JUDGMENT,
ONLY ONE MAN COULD NOT WAIT...



I SPEAK LAST--
WITH THIS
ANCE!

WAIT! IF YOU
WANT TO
FIGHT, FIGHT
AS OUR
FATHERS
DID! YOU
TWO WILL
MEET EACH
OTHER ATOP
THE TOTEM!
THE WARRIOR
IN THE WRONG
WILL
SURRENDER!

HE LED THE RAID AGAINST THE
WISHES OF THE CHIEF, WHO IS
THE TRAITOR? THE BRAVE
WHO DISOBEYED THE CHIEFS
OR I WHO STOPPED THEM?

HE SPEAKS
WITH TWO
TONGUES
LIKE A
WHITE MAN!



THAT IS GOOD!
CUNNING
BEAR WILL
WIN!

YOUNG EAGLE
IS RIGHT!
HE IS
WISE!

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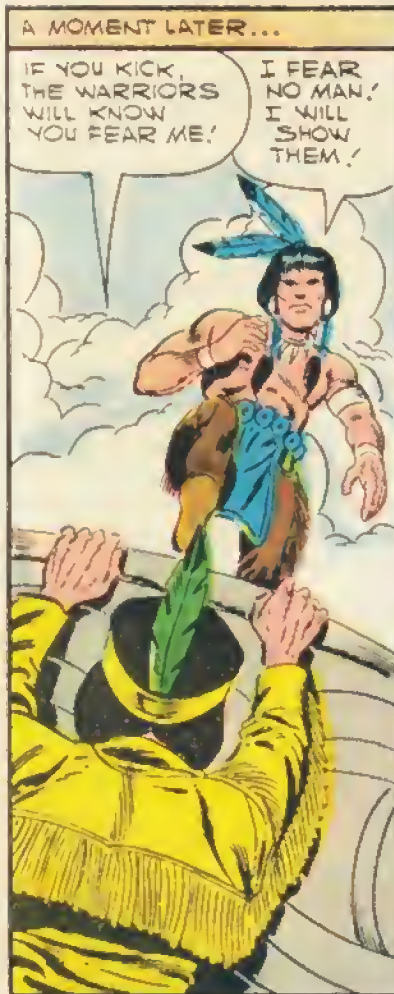
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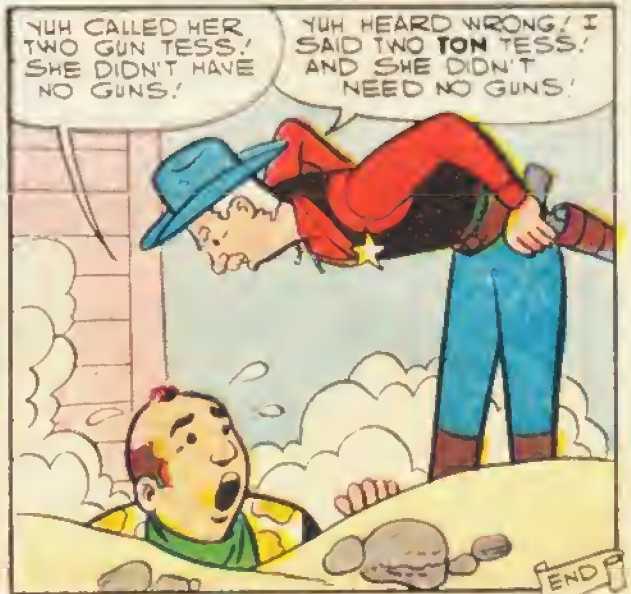
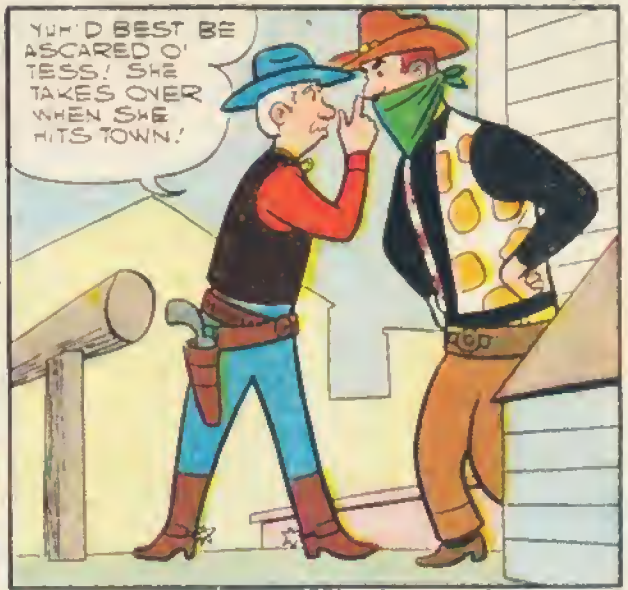
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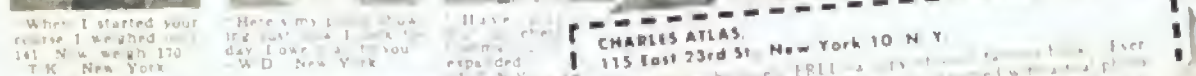
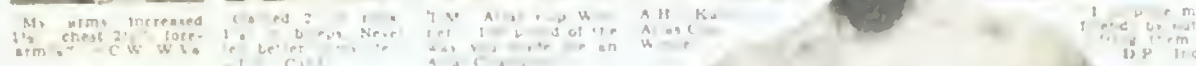
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 thinking that I am
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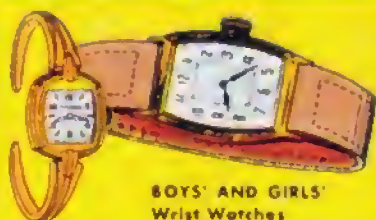
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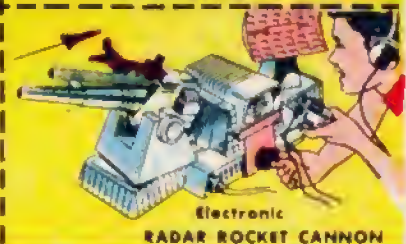
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